



Home by LizzySong

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Summary: Eleven has a nightmare about her past and goes to Hopper for help. (Rated T for mentions of child abuse)

Home

Author's Note: This is a one shot based off of two requests I got on tumblr: "El has a nightmare and goes to Hopper for comfort" and "El opens up to Hopper about all the abuse she endured at the lab."

Hope you enjoy!

She was running down a hallway, Papa chasing after her with men ready to take her and throw her into the small, dark room they always did when she didn't act the way they wanted. She reached a door and threw it open, but when she entered she was no longer in the lab. It was the upside down. She looked around her and saw, not far away, what she thought was the Demogorgon. She hesitated, then moved closer to it. It turned around, and it was no longer the Demogorgon; it was a much worse monster. It was Papa. She screamed -- and then she was sitting up in bed.

She looked around her, taking in her surroundings and remembering where she was. She was safe. Her policeman had found her and now she was living with him in a small cabin.

She took a shaky breath and wiped her cheeks dry, realising that she'd been crying in her sleep. She sat there for several minutes before quietly getting out of bed and making her way to Hopper's bed.

She slowly went to the sleeping figure she knew to be her guardian. She gently shook his shoulder until he woke with a start. It took him a moment to reorient himself, then he looked at Eleven. "What's wrong?" he asked, worried that she'd seen something in the place she always went to find Mike.

"I'm scared," came the soft reply. Hopper moved to sit on the edge of the small bed and patted the spot next to him, indicating that she should sit down. El sat, hugging her knees to her chest. Hopper placed his hand on her back, trying to comfort her. "What scared you?" he asked. "Papa," El said in a frightened whisper. She hesitated, then hugged the man sitting next to her, burying her face into his

chest.

He hugged her back, "It's okay. You're safe here; he can't hurt you anymore." He still wasn't entirely sure what that son of a bitch had done to this sweet, innocent little girl, but he knew it was bad.

"...He hurt me," the girl said softly, her face still buried in Hopper's chest. "He made me do things... Made me *hurt* things..." She looked up at her policeman, "I don't wanna go back."

Hopper looked down at his young charge. She was so vulnerable, so scared, and it broke his heart. Eleven reminded him of his own little girl who he didn't get enough time with. "You're not going back," he said, trying to reassure her, "That's why we have our 'don't be stupid' rules. So that they can never find you."

El nodded a little, comforted by the fact that this man was going to protect her, and never take her back to that place. "...Can I stay?" she asked, gesturing to the bed. She didn't want to be alone tonight. Hopper nodded, "Sure, kid." Eleven gave him a small smile and crawled underneath the covers.

Hopper looked down at his young charge -- his... daughter? -- and sighed. It had been years since he'd been a father, and he wasn't sure he remembered how to be one anymore.

He made sure Eleven was sleeping comfortably before standing up and moving to the couch and going back to sleep.

Morning came, and when she woke up, Eleven looked to the couch. It was empty. Then she heard the sounds of cooking coming from the small kitchen, and she smelled Eggos.

She smiled a little and got out of bed, making her way over to the table.

Her policeman was waiting for her, a tower of waffles at her place at the table. He never made her waffles for breakfast; he had always insisted they were for desert only.

She looked up at him in confusion, and he returned the look. "What?" asked Hopper with a mouth full of scrambled eggs. El shook her head

a little and looked down at her food, drenching it in syrup, taking a couple bites and then stopping. Hopper noticed this and asked, "You okay?"

Eleven shook her head, not looking at him. "Is it the same thing as last night?"

El nodded, "...Papa..."

"You have another nightmare?" Hopper asked, an edge of concern in his voice.

The young girl shook her head, "Not another... I just..."

"Can't stop thinking about it?"

She nodded.

"You wanna talk about it?"

Eleven nodded again and stood up. She took her guardian's arm and pulled him to the couch. They sat there for a moment before El spoke.

She told him everything. Everything the bad men had made her do and see. How she grew up being hooked up to machines that tested her as she destroyed things and contacted people she didn't know -- people she didn't want to know.

She told him about the bath, and how Papa told her not to run from the monster, the demogorgon.

She told him how scared she was, and how that made her open the gate.

By the time she finished telling her story, she was in tears and Hopper had his arms around her in a comforting, fatherly embrace.

He had known, of course, that she had been in a terrible place, controlled by terrible people. But he hadn't known the true extent of the abuse she'd endured.

And now that he did, he wasn't sure if he could ever make it better. But he'd be damned if he wasn't going to try.

"You're safe now," he said in a gentle a tone, "I'm not gonna let those sons of bitches hurt you ever again."

El looked up at him with wide eyes and asked in a small voice, "Home?"

Hopper gave her a smile and nodded, "Yeah, kid. You're home, now."